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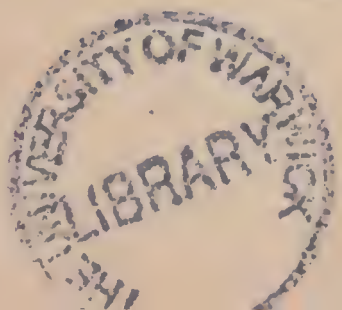

Married Rake.

MRS TRICTRAC.—But hark, I hear Flighty returning; now for the attack. *(kneeling)* Dearest Eliza! I love you more than — *(Enter Flighty hastily)*

FLIGHTY.— — Death & the Devil! Here he is!

Act I Scene I.

THE

MARRIED RAKE.

A FARCE,

IN

One Act.

BY

CHARLES SELBY, Comedian,

Author of Captain Stevens, Robert Macaire, Unfinished Gentleman, Widow's Victim, &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

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Susan Twist, an accomplished *Lady's Maid*	Mrs. Brindal

First Produced at the Queen's Theatre Feb. 9, 1835.

Time of Representation, 50 minutes.

COSTUME.

Mr. Flighty—Light green frock, faced with black velvet, black trousers, straw-coloured waistcoat. black satin stock, whiskers, and mustachios.

John—Handsome livery.

Mrs. Flighty—Fashionable white silk, or morning dress.

Mrs. Trictrac—Pink satin pelisse, hat and feathers. Second dress—Blue undress military frock, metal buttons, blue trowsers, with broad gold lace down the sides, scarlet and gold cartouch box, belt, and foraging cap, boots, and long brass spurs. Third dress—Same as the first.

Susan Twist—Flowered muslin gown, French shawl, very small fashionable bonnet. Second dress—Cap and silk apron. Third dress—Silk cloak, trimmed with ermine, hat and veil.

SCENE.—*A Drawing Room, handsomely furnished, with Carpet, &c. Folding Doors in* C. *A Door* 2 E. *and a Fire-place* 3 E. R. H.—*a Window,* 2 E. L H. *a Sofa,* L H.—*near it a small Table, with Writing Materials, Books, &c and on the* R. H. *another Table with a handsome Cover.*]

MRS. FLIGHTY *discovered, seated on the Sofa, with* SUSAN TWIST *attending.*

Mrs. F. First go to the library and change the books.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Then call at my milliner's.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Tell her my hat *must* be sent home this evening.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs F. Then go to Mr. Brown, the shoe maker.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Desire him to come to me before twelve o'clock, to-morrow.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Let me see!—is there anything else? Yes, call on Lady Manly—my love and compliments, hope she caught no cold last night. Ask after her little dog; say I am very anxious to know the result of the quarrel between the parties she mentioned to me yesterday—that should it be as *I* said, a certain person will be very awkwardly situated, but if, on the contrary, *she* should be right, the consequences will be dreadful, particularly to the individual by whose infamous machinations the meeting was arranged—so much confusion has taken place, and so many distressing circumstances have transpired.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs F. And you may also say———

Sus. Yes, ma 'am.

Mas F. No, never mind, she will understand; I don't remember anything more at present. You won't forget what I have told you?

Sus. No ma'am, you may *'pend* on me, I won't make *no* mistake. [*Rapidly counting her fingers.*] First. I'm to change the library—tell the milliner you *must 'ave* your *'at* this *hevening,* before twelve o'clock to-morrow. Mr. brown, the shoe maker—then Lady Manly, love and compliments to her little dog, hope she didn't *cotch* no cold—let you know the *insult* of the quarrel *betwuxt them* parties you told her *on* yesterday—*If*

so be it *are* as *y n* said, then it's *aukud* and contrary—but if so be it *are* as *she* said, then it's all right, and the consequence will be dreadful, *'ticklarly* to the *hindevidewal* by whose *famous assassinations* the meeting was *deranged*—and so much *profusion* and *compressing* circumstances *has perspired*. There, ma am, I've got it all by *'art* in my *'ed*—I arn't *larnt* the *dicks-'nary* for nothing! [*Exit* C. D. R. H.

Mrs. F. (*Laughing.*) Poor Susan!—I knew I should puzzle her. How Lady Manly will laugh! If she survives "my love and compliments to her little dog," she'll certainly expire at the bewildering episode of "them *hindevidewals*, and *famous assassinations!*"

Mrs. Trictrac. (*Without.*) Never mind, Susan, you need not announce me; I know your mistress is at home.

Enter MRS. TRICTRAC, R. H C.

My dear friend, I'm so glad to see you? Where's Flighty? Ah, as usual, I suppose, amusing himself abroad, while *you* are moping at home. Well, and how do you do?—are you glad to see me? Shall I be troublesome if I stay an hour or two?—can you endure my silly rattle?

Mrs. F. My dear Sophie, you know you are always a welcome visitor, and I am never so happy as when you are with me. I anticipate a delightful morning—Flighty has gone to Richmond, to dine with his uncle, so we shall have the whole day to ourselves.

Mrs. T. That husband of yours is a terrible racketty fellow. I must read him a lecture on matrimonial conduct. Well, as you are rash enough to prefer my society to reading *Paradise Lost*, in melancholy solitude, I'll stay and plague you. And now —[*Crossing to* L. H. *and seating herself on the Sofa.*]—let us sit down and cut up all our friends and acquaintances—By-the-bye, Eliza, I have something to tell you about your husband.

Mrs. F. My husband!—[*Laughing.*]—poor fellow; I hope you don't mean to cut *him* up—what has he been doing?

Mrs. T. My dear creature, he's a wretch!

Mrs. F (*Laughing.*) Indeed, in what way?

Mrs. T. In every way—he's a gay Lothario, a Bluebeard, a Don Juan, a Robert the Devil ———

Mrs. F. You alarm me—what do you mean?

Mrs. T Does he *often* go to *Richmond?*

Mrs. F Yes, two or three times a week.

Mrs. T. Indeed—does he ever take *you* with him?

Mrs. F No his uncle is a bachelor, and only gives bachelor's parties.

Mrs. T. You *silly* creature—how easily you are imposed

upon. An uncle who lives a few miles in the country is a very *convenient* person, sometimes. Now what do you think!—I have discovered———

Flighty. (*Without.*) Here, Thomas, take my hat and cloak—tell the groom to put up the cab; I shan't want it till night.

Mrs. F. There's Flighty—what can have brought him home so soon!

Mrs. T. (*Pointedly.*) His *uncle* was not at *home*, I dare say, my dear. I'll tell you all, by-and-bye.

Enter FLIGHTY, R. H. C.

Fli. (R H.) My dearest Eliza, my uncle was from home, so I—[*Seeing* Mrs. Trictrac, *and crossing to* C.]—Ah, Mrs. Trictrac, little did I anticipate this pleasure! [*Kissing her hand.*] Eliza, my love—[*Kissing her.*]—don't laugh at me, Mrs. Trictrac; I have not been married long enough to give up these little follies.

Mrs. T. (L. H.) Oh, don't mind me—I like to see married people make fools of themselves; 'tis quite delightful to observe them "*billing* and cooing, like pretty turtle doves!" [*Aside.*] Deceitful savage!

Fli. Well, I'm so glad my uncle was not at home; I shall pass the day in matrimonial felicity, instead of being bored with the exploits of Tippoo Saib, and the storming of Seringapatam!

Mrs. T. Then I'll say adieu I'll not disturb your matrimonial felicity. *Happy* creatures! how I envy you. What an example of a husband you are, Flighty—so kind, so affectionate. [*Crossing to* C. *and going up.*] Good bye, friends, good bye—make my compliments to your *uncle*, Mr. Flighty. [*Going.*]

Mrs. F. (R. H.) Nay, Sophie, do not leave us, I am sure you will be a charming addition to our party—pray stay; persuade her, Henry.

Fli. Now, positively you shall not leave us—we cannot part with you; we should both be miserable—nay, I'll hear no excuses; you *must*, you *shall* stay.

Mrs. T. Well, as you are so determined, I will remain; but you'll soon be tired of me; I'll do all I can to plague you—I'll talk you to death.

Fli. I'm quite resigned. Kill me in any way you please, but, lest I should die of hunger in the mean time, suppose I order some luncheon. [*Ringing Hand bell.*] John!

Enter Servant, C.

Bring luncheon. [*Exit* Servant.] 'Pon my life I don't know when I have been so happy. Any news in the world, Mrs. Tric-

true? I know you are the "Gazette of Fashion"—any little affairs of the heart, elopements, or *interesting domestic calamities?*

Mrs. T. I am not aware of any; but why do you ask me about such things? you know I never feel any interest in them—besides I dislike exposing the *indiscretions* and *misfortunes* of my friends. By-the-bye, I *did* hear of a *circumstance* yesterday a *decided case*; 'tis very droll, *you* know the parties. I've a great mind to tell you, if you'll let it go no further—'twas told me in confidence, I would not have it known for the world, but if you'll promise———

Fli. Oh, certainly, certainly, *we* never talk—what is it, eh? we won't mention a word.

Mrs. T. Well then, mind now—'tis in strict confidence!

Fli. Oh certainly, strict confidence.

Mrs T. 'Tis about your friends, Sir Charles and Lady Simple.

Fli. (*Aside.*) The devil!—can she know? I must change the conversation, or I shall get into a scrape. [*Aloud.*] Oh, I've heard all about *that* affair; 'twas very ridiculous—[*Laughing.*]—I've laughed at it ever since. Who would have supposed—[*Laughing*]—John, bring the luncheon!—Yes, yes, I know all about it.

Mrs. T. I dare say *you* do, but Eliza does not; so I shall tell her the particulars.

Fli (*Aside.*) I'm in a nice hobble! [*Aloud.*] Oh, it's all nonsense—what does *she* care?—[*Calling.*]—John, bring the luncheon!

Mrs. T. It's of no use trying to stop me, Flighty; I *will* have my own way—never mind him, Eliza. Sir Charles Simple happening to stroll into his wife's dressing room, the other morning, when she was absent, carelessly sat himself down before the looking-glass, with the intention, no doubt, of waiting her return; well, finding one of his side curls dreadfully deranged, he opened a drawer of the dressing table to find a a comb, with which he wished to have restored the truant hairs to a state of propriety, when he discovered———what do you think?

Fli. (*Aside.*) I'm settled!

Mrs. T. A miniature portrait of a man with black hair, whiskers, and mustachios—*you* know the sort of man I *mean*, Flighty?

Fli Oh, yes, perfectly! [*Aside.*] I'm discovered—she knows all about it!

Mrs Fl. Well, and what was the consequence?

Mrs. T. Sir Charles got into a terrible passion: of course he must have felt very uncomfortable, and thought of all kinds of unpleasant things. In the midst of his fury, her ladyship returned; a scene immediately ensued—*he* was *violent*, *she cool*; *he* vowed vengeance, *she* laughed, and call'd him a fool—said the miniature belonged to her sister, and that the formidable hero of the mustachios was her *cousin*. [*Laughing*] Wasn't that a capital idea, Flighty?

Fli. Capital! [*Aside.*] I'm alive again!

Mrs. T. Sir Charles, *poor man*, believed her, laughed at his ridiculous mistake, and wished to be introduced to the gentleman. Poor fellow! 'twas as much the portrait of her *cousin*, as 'twas of *you*, Flighty.

Fli. (*Laughing*) Yes, yes, I dare say. [*Aside*] She'll roast me to death—I wish I hadn't asked her to stay.

Enter JOHN, *with Luncheon on a Tray.*

Oh, here's the luncheon—a happy relief; I'll stop her mouth with a sandwich! Mrs. Trictrac, be seated. [*Handing her to the Sofa.*] Eliza, my love, take a chair. [*They sit at Table*, L. H. Mrs. Trictrac, L. H. *on the Sofa*—Mrs. Flighty C.—Flighty, R. H.]

Mrs. T. Do you know any body at Richmond, besides your *uncle*, Mr. Flighty!

Fli. Not a soul!—allow me to give you a wing of this chicken.

Mrs. F. Do you know, Henry, I should very much like to see your uncle.

Fli. So you shall, my love—let me help you—[Mrs. Trictrac *bursts out into a loud laugh.*]—What is the matter, Mrs. Trictrac—why are you so merry?

Mrs. T. Why, at a little affair I heard of the other day; speaking of your uncle put me in mind of it. It occurred at *Kensington Gardens*; you know *where* they are situated, Flighty—on the road to *Richmond*.

Fli. Yes, yes, I know very well—allow me to give you a merrythought!

Mrs. T. Thank you, you often do. [*Laughing.*] Well, I was about to tell you———

Fli. A glass of wine, my love?—Mrs. Trictrac, you'll join us? [*Fills Wine and drinks.*]

Mrs. T. Well, to return to my story of Kensington Gardens———

Fli. (*Aside*) Confound her, she's determined to ruin me!

Mrs. T. What are you about, Flighty?—I declare you are eating out of the dish! *Well*, about three o'clock, yesterday

afterooon, a lady dressed in a cloak, trimmed with ermine, was observed to saunter about one of the retired walks. She was joined by a gentleman in a *green* frock coat, *straw* coloured waistcoat—[Flighty *buttons up his Coat*]—and *white* trousers—be quiet, Flighty, don't play with your knife and fork like a baby—they (*I mean the lady and gentleman,*) left the gardens, got into a coach, and drove off towards Richmond—take care what you are about, Flighty; you'll upset the table—what is the matter with you? one would think *you* were one of the *parties* in question, and were afraid of being found ou.

Fli. (*Rises, goes down* R. H. *and walks about with the Fowl on a Fork.—Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! I'm so amused with your story, I can't sit still, 'tis so very droll! Dam'me, I've carried off the fowl! [*Puts it down on Table.—Aside.*] I wish I could get rid of her. What say you to a walk, ladies? suppose we take a stroll before dinner?

Mrs. T. (*Rising and going forward,* L. H.) With all my heart—let us go to Kensington Gardens, perhaps we may see the *lady* in the *ermine* cloak, or the *gentleman* in the *green* frock coat, eh, Flighty?

Fli. Yes, yes, 'twould be capital fun. [*Aside*] I'm regularly cut up—I must put a stop to her tongue, or she'll ruin me. Eliza, my love, put on your bonnet, we'll go out immediately.

Mrs F. I won't be a minute—amuse Mrs. Trictrac 'till I return. [*Exit into Room.* R. H. Mrs. Trictrac *and* Flighty *look at each other for some time*—Mrs. Trictrac *takes a Chair, draws it after her to* L. H. *corner—sits down, and plays with her Parasol.* Flighty *takes a Chair to* R. H. *corner, and plays with his Umbrella*]

Fli. (R. H. *Aside.*) Amuse her! I have already—she has found me out. I must persuade her to be quiet.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) A wicked wretch—I'll tease his life out.

Fli. (*Aside.*) It's of no use mincing the matter—'ll come to the point at once.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) He's afraid of me; I'll torment him!

Fli. Mrs. Trictrac!

Mrs. T. (*Suddenly turning round.*) Mr. Flighty!

Fli (*Aside*) She looks like a tiger cat; I shall be damnably mauled. (*Aloud.*) Mrs. Trictrac———

Mrs. T. Sir!

Fli. (*Aside.*) There's a sir!—what a horrid monosyllable. [*Aloud.*] I perceive, madam———

Mrs. T. Well, sir?

Fli. Don't say *sir* again—it makes me very unhappy. I per-

ceive, madam, that you are aware of my error, and—and—and———

Mrs. T. And what, sir?

Fli. (*Crossing to her.*) Don't tell my wife, there's a *dear* creature!

Mrs. T. You confess, then? I'm ashamed of you, sir—how could you behave so? 'Tis my duty to tell your wife, you base man!

Fli. Now don't—'twouldn't do any good—'twould only make bad worse. In future I'll be *savagely* virtuous, I will, indeed

Mrs. T. Well then, provided you give me your promise never to neglect your wife, or visit your *uncle* at *Richmond*, I will not expose you.

Fli. Oh, you dear, charming—[*Aside.*]—damned tormenting—enchanting woman! I'll become a perfect anchorite!—I'll———

Mrs. T. Hush! here's your wife.

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, R. H.

Mrs. F. Now, Henry, I'm quite ready—where shall we go?

Fli. Wherever you please, my dear.

Mrs. T. Suppose we take a turn in St. James's Park, and look at the ducks and swans—you are fond of *wild ducks*, I believe, Flighty?

Fli. I used to be. (*Aside.*) Confound the satirical gipsy, I shall never have a moment's peace. Come, ladies I'm at your service.

Enter JOHN, R. H. C.

John. A note, sir.

Fli. I can't attend to it now, I'm going out.

John. The servant said it required immediate attention, sir. [*Exit* John.]

Fli. Psha! how very annoying—some invitation to dinner, I suppose. Excuse me—[*Opening Letter.*]—Eh! what is this? [*Reading.*] "Dear Flighty:—I am waiting for you at White's—I have had a *scene* at home; want your advice. Come to me immediately. Yours, CHARLES SIMPLE." The devil!—what's to be done? I *must* go, or he'll find some other confidant, and that would not be so agreeable. Then that confounded Mrs. Trictrac will expose me if I leave her—no matter, of the two evils I'll choose the least. Mrs. Trictrac, Eliza,—I'm very sorry I cannot accompany you to the park, this morning; I am obliged to see my *solicitor* on most particular business Pray excuse me, I'll return to dinner—very provoking, isn't it, to be called away so unexpectedly? Good by, Eliza—*au plaisir*, Mrs. Trictrac—I'm so sorry to leave you!

Mrs T. (C.) You are afraid I shall expose you.

Fli (*Aside to* Mrs Trictrac) Remember your promise—not a word about my *uncle*. [*Going—Significantly.*] Mrs. Trictrac——— [*Exit*, C. D.

Mrs F. (L. H) Now, Sophie, tell me what is the meaning of your mysterious hints—what have you discovered about my husband? he seemed very much annoyed and uneasy.

Mrs. T. You recollect my story about the miniature?

Mrs. F. Yes.

Mrs. T. Your husband was the hero of the mustachios—'twas *his* portrait!

Mrs. F. Impossible!—he cannot be so base?

Mrs. T. 'Tis true, nevertheless, but he is not so much to blame, ther. The affair is only in its infancy, and if you will assist me, I have a scheme to break off the attachment, and make him a good and affectionate husband

Mrs. F. I'll aid you to the utmost—I'll do anything to secure his affection.

Mrs. T. Then try to make him jealous.

Mrs. F. Will not that be dangerous?

Mrs. T. Not in the least—*I* will represent the lover, so there can be *no danger*.

Enter SUSAN, C. D.

Sus. (C.) I've made all the haste I could, ma'am; I haven't forgot *nothing*. When I told Lady Manly what you said, she laughed so, I thought she would have had an *asterical* fit—she says it *are* as *you* said, and *them* parties you *delude* to, will pay dearly for their *obstropolousness*.

Mrs. T. (R. H *Laughing aside.*) Obstropolousness!—you have been studying the dictionary again, I find Susan.

Sus Yes, ma'am, I *takes* it in in numbers, and *expresses* three pages in my *'ed hevery* day; it so *reproves* my *physiogonomy* and *renunciation*

Mrs T. Susan may assist my scheme—will you allow me to employ her?

Mrs. F. Certainly.

Mrs. T. Crossing to L. H. *and hastily writing a Note.*) Susan, will you have the kindness to take this to my maid—she will give you a dress for me; bring it into your mistress's bed room by the door in the passage.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. T. Make haste, and take care you are not seen by your master.

Sus. Yes, ma'am—I'll be so *individious*, nobody shan't *inspect* me. [*Exit* C. D. R. H.]

Mrs. T. Now let us retire into your room and concert our plan. I'll give Mr. Flighty a lesson he won't forget in a hurry. [*Exeunt* Mrs. Flighty *and* Mrs. Trictrac, *into Room*, R. H. D.

Enter FLIGHTY, R. H. C.

Fli. I wonder who could have sent me that note? All a hoax —Sir Charles has left town for Dorsetshire. Some trick of my tormentor, Mrs. Trictrac, no doubt. I'll be even with her —what has become of her, I wonder?

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY.

Mrs. F. So, sir, you have returned sooner than I expected. Mrs. Trictrac would not wait, she has gone home.

Fli. (*Aside.*) Glad of it—she looks rather glumpy; I'm afraid the murder's out. [*Throwing himself on the Sofa, and taking up a Book.*] I'm sorry your friend has gone, we should have passed such a delightful day—never mind, we can make ourselves happy without her—[*Yawning.*]—can't we my *love?* [*Reading his Book*]

Mrs. F. (*Taking a Chair to* R. H. *corner, and pulling a flower to pieces*) Certainly, my dear.

Fli. (*After a pause.*) You are a very amusing companion, Mrs. Flighty. [*Looking at her.*]

Mrs. F So are you, Mr Flighty.

Fli. How long do you mean to twiddle that flower?

Mrs. F. How long do you mean to read that book?

Fli. As long as I please, madam?

Mrs. F. Very well, I shan't interrupt you, sir! [*After a pause—Aside.*] This is matrimonial felicity.

Enter SUSAN, C. D R. H. *on tip-toe—She looks cautiously round—*Flighty *observes her, and peeps over his Book—She gives* Mrs. Flighty *a Letter, which she hastily conceals.* Susan *goes off as she entered, mysteriously endeavouring to avoid being seen by* Flighty.

Fli. (*Aside.*) Eh! what the devil is the meaning of that? —she gave her a letter!

Mrs. F. Did you speak, Flighty?

Fli. No, madam.

Mrs. F. I thought you did. Oh, dear me! I declare my hair is quite out of order! I must arrange it—I'll be back directly, Henry. [*Exit*, R. H. D.]

Fli. (*Jumping up from Sofa*) She has gone to read the letter —who can it be from?—Dam'me, I feel quite queer! I—I must keep my eyes open; I mustn't go out so often. I—what can that letter be about?—she's coming back, I'll go into the next room, and observe her from behind the door. *Exit*, C. D. L. H.]

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, *from* R. H. D.

Mrs. F. (*Aside.*) He's on the watch. [*Aloud.*] Ah, Henry gone?—so much the better.

Fli. Putting his Head out from C. D.) You don't say so.

Mrs. F. I can read his dear note again.

Fli. His dear note!—'tis from a *man*, then—I'm one of the club! [*Putting his Hand to his Head.*]

Mrs. F. How tender, how affectionate!

Fli. Yes, damn'd tender—cursed affectionate, I dare say.

Mrs. F. How kind to send me his portrait!

Fli. His portrait!—I'm pleasantly situated!

Mrs. F There can be no harm in kissing it. [*Kissing a Miniature.*]

Fli. (*Rushing forward.*) Can't there, though?—oh, you vile woman! I have discovered your perfidy!

Mrs. F (*Bursting into a laugh.*) Where did you come from, Henry? I thought you had gone out. [*Laughing.*] What's the matter, *dear?* [*Coaxing.*]

Fli. (*Astonished.*) Matter! matter, madam! (*Aside.*) She wants to brazen it out. (*Aloud.*) That letter, madam—that tender letter, madam! that portrait, madam! that—that—that—damnation, madam! [*Taking the Stage in a fury.*]

Mrs F. Now don't make a fool of yourself, Henry, what is the use of getting in a passion, there'sno harm in the letter, or the portrait, either.

Fli. No harm, madam? do you take me for a fool? whose likeness is it, madam? who is the rascal, madam—who is he?

Mrs. F. How can you be so ridiculous, Henry, to storm about nothing? 'tis only the likeness of my *cousin!*

Fli. Your cousin! [*Aside.*] The old story! No, no, madam, that won't do for me. *Cousins* are very *convenient* persons, madam———

Mrs. F. So are *uncles*, sir.

Fli. Yes, madam—but I'll be hanged if I'll be *cousined* by any body. I know better, madam. I'm too old a soldier to be deceived by a cousin. Who is he madam—who is he?

Mrs. F. My cousin, sir, as I told you before. If you don't believe me I can't help it. I declare your behaviour is so outrageous that I'm afraid of you. One would think by your conduct that you were jealous.

Fli. So I am, madam.

Mrs. F. What, of a boy?—my poor little cousin! I'm ashamed of you! I might as well be jealous of *your uncle.* You've used me very ill! I won't bear it! I—I—[*Sobbing.*]

—I'll go home to my mama! [*Exit into* R. H. *Room, and drops Note.*]

Fli. (*Astonished.*) Well, that's the coolest thing I ever heard! Because I don't like her to love other people, she says she's ill-used, and will go home to her mama! What a victim I am! Nobody ever felt as I do—nobody ever deserved such treatment! I'm sure I don't. I never—damme, the least I say on that subject the better. Little did I think when *I* passed for a cousin, that I should ever have a wife who had one. I'll be divorced—I'll go abroad—I'll—[*Sees Note.*] She has dropped the note! [*Picks it up.*] Pink paper! the fellow's in earnest, I see. [*Reading.*] "Dearest Eliza." Curse his impudence! "I will be under the window at three o'clock." Three o'clock!—[*Pulling out his Watch.*]—it wants but a few minutes· "If you are alone, strike a few notes on the guitar. Your's ever, FITZHERBERT FITZHENRY. P. S.—Your fool of a husband"—Eh? fool of a husband! I'll cut his throat!—"is safe at Richmond, I suppose." So, so—he'll be under the window at three o'clock. He thinks I'm safe at Richmond, eh? I'll murder him! Let me see—a few notes on the guitar is to be the signal. I'll have him up, and blow his brains out! Where is the damned, diabolical, *cousining* instrument?—here it is. [*Taking up Guitar.*] Oh, you confounded caterwauler! you don't know what you've to answer for. Here's a situation for a husband! playing the guitar to his wife's *cousin!* [*Plays the Guitar with furious gestures.*] There—I think he'll hear that! Now for my pistols—I'll settle his business at once!

[*Exit* C. D. L.

MRS. TRICTRAC *enters from* R. H. D., *disguised as an Officer—followed by* MRS. FLIGHTY.

Mrs. T. (*Laughing.*) Poor Flighty! he doesn't seem to relish his first dose—a few more will complete his cure. I don't think he'll recognize me. My brother's dress fits me admirably—in fact, I think I'm the *beau ideal* of a cavalry officer—at all events, I'm a ladies man, which every fellow in the service is, and ought to be. But, hark! I hear Flighty returning. Now for the attack. [*Kneeling.*] Dearest Eliza! I love you better than———

Enter FLIGHTY, *hastily, from* C. D. *with a Case of Pistols in his Hand.*

Fli. Death and the devil! There he is! I'm just in time. [*Advancing between them.*] So, sir—so, madam———

Mrs. F. (*Pretending alarm.*) Oh, good gracious, my husband!

Mrs. T. Your husband! Flighty, my dear fellow, how are you!

Fli. (*Aside*) Curse his impudence! Sir—madam—allow me to observe that I—you—she—he—my—conduct—is—scandalous—shameful—damnable! I'm not a man—I———

Mrs. T. What?

Fli I'm not a man, I say—to be insulted with impunity. I'm a fool—an ass—an idiot———

Mrs. T. I know you are.

Fli. Don't interrupt me, sir. I say I'm a fool not to have suspected—you deceitful woman you damned puppy! Don't laugh, or I'll throw you out of the window! Leave the room, madam. [*Exit* Mrs Flighty, R. H. D.] I insist on immediate satisfaction. Here is a case of pistols. [*Trying to open it.*] I'll shoot you, sir—I'll blow you to atoms!

Mrs. T. Fire away, my boy—I'm not afraid of you or your pistol case. Why don't you produce your weapons, if you intend to blow me to atoms? Do it at once—I'm quite ready. Don't keep me waiting; you've no idea how valuable my time is.

Fli. Confound it, I've lost my keys! I can't open the case.

Mrs. T. How unfortunate! I should have liked to have had a pop at you. I had made up my mind to a little sport. [*Leaning on* Flighty's *shoulder—he throws him off.*] I would have betted five to four I would have drilled a hole through you—smashed that bust at your back, and shivered the looking-glass, all at the same moment.

Fli. Would you, indeed? [*Aside*] He's a regular fire-eater—I shall be peppered—no matter. [*Aloud.*] Leave my house, sir! you shall hear from me—leave my house!

Mrs. T. (*Crossing to* R. H.) Certainly, my dear boy, if you wish it. Always happy to hear from you. 'Twould save a deal of trouble, though, if you could find your keys. Give me the case—[*Trying to take it from him.*]—I'll break it open sooner than lose my shot.

Fli. (*Resisting.*) No, sir—you shall meet me to-morrow morning.

Mrs. T. Oh, very well—as you please, I'd rather have settled the thing at once. If we had come up to the scratch here, I'd have brought your head, the bust, and the glass into one—put in the lead about here—[*Hitting him on the Ribs.*]—and drilled you in a most superior style.

Fli. You are very kind.

Mrs. T. Not at all, my dear boy. I'm famous fo bringing down my man! I'm told I've a *good eye* for it—never made up my mind to *hit* a fellow, but I made *sure* of him. I'm very fond of *killing.*

Fli. (*Aside*) What a butcher!

Mrs T. I shall be sure to settle you, Flighty—you're a capital object. [*Laughing*] What's the matter—you don't seem comfortable. [*Laughing.*] Oh, I remember—you are jealous: you don't like my making love to your wife. [*Laughing.*] I can't help laughing to think how capitally she deceived you—*you*, above all men, who have made so many husband's unhappy. [*Laughing.*] You look quite deranged—quite Othello-ish. Your nose is turning quite blue, and your eyes have such a thunder and lightning expression. [*Laughing.*] I dare say your friend, Sir Charles Simple, looked just as you do, when he discovered your picture in his wife's dressing-room. [*Laughing*]

Fli This is beyond bearing. Sir, I—leave my house, sir!

Mrs. T. You and Sir Charles would match well in a curricle, Flighty! [*Laughing.*]

Fli. Leave my house, sir! Don't make me forget you are under my roof! Begone, sir, begone!

Mrs. T. Certainly, my dear boy, certainly. As we do not meet until to-morrow morning, I shall have plenty of time to amuse my friends with the particulars of our little affair, and send a notice of it to the newspapers, as an interesting and laughable occurrence in high life, called "The Jealous Husband; or, the Deceiver Deceived!" [*Laughing.*] Good bye, old fellow. You mustn't mind being laughed at—your case is not singular. The next time you take a fancy to a friend's wife, be certain nobody returns the compliment by taking a fancy to your's. Adieu! I shall never forget the expression of your face! [*Laughing.*] I never saw a fellow so cut up! [*Laughing.*] What a fool you looked, when you couldn't open the pistol-case! [*Exit* C. D R. H., *laughing.*]

Fli. I shall go mad! [*Walks up and down in a great rage with his Hands in his Porkets, then takes a Chair, kicks it away, &c.*] I'm settled What a fool I've been! If I had for a moment supposed—— I'm in a dreadful situation! I shall be the laughing stock of all my friends. I, who have been the terror of husbands, to be so regularly duped! I'll be revenged at all events. I'll shoot the rascal—if I can—then I'll——— SUSAN *enters* C. D. *cautiously, and endeavours to steal in to* R. E *Room*—Flighty *observes, and brings her forward.*

Sus. (*Screaming.*) Oh, sir, how you frightened me! Don't look so *hawful!* I'm a *hinnocent gi l* I can't help your misfortunes. I never did nothing wrong in all my life!

Fli. Come, come, Mrs. Innocence, you can't deceive me. I know that you are that young rascal's agent—I saw you give your mistress a letter from him. I'm not blind—I'm awake to

al your manœuvres. You are the letter-carrier, the message-bearer, the sentinel, the spy, the convenient go-between—you modest, innocent, deceitful, deluding, diabolical maid servant!

Sus. I deny the *dispersion.* I'm not a postman—I never deluded nobody—I *aynt* convenient—I never went between nothing—I *aynt dialogical*—you know I aynt. I'm your wife's own woman, and I aynt a maid servant.

Fli. Now tell me this moment all you know about your mistress and that young officer, or I'll murder you! [*Shaking her.*]

Sus. Oh, don t—don't shake me so—I aynt fond of *percussions.* I'll do anything, if you'll be quiet and keep your hands off. [Flighty *releases her.*] Oh, dear! I never was so *conglomerated* in my life. What a flustration you've put me in, sure*ly.* I declare I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my feet—I'm quite *wisey wersey.*

Fli. Now, answer—who is that officer? [*Pointing to* C. D *with furious action.*]

Sus. What *hossifer?* I don't see nobody.

Fli. No prevarication! The young puppy your mistress is so fond of———

Sus. She aynt fond of no young puppy that I knows on, except it *are* the little poodle she had give her last week.

Fli. Curse the poodle! [*Aside.*] She's an old hand, and wants a bribe. [*Giving Money.*] There—now try if you can give a direct answer.

Sus. Yes, sir—thank you, sir.

Fli. Who is he?

Sus. A *hossifer.*

Fli. I know—but what is he?

Sus A handsome, *beautysome* young man.

Fli, Pshaw! you *won't* understand. What's his name?

Sus. Hornet Fitz something—but I don't know what.

Fli. What regiment does he belong to?

Sus. The horse-something. I don't *'ticlarly* remember, but I think it's the Blue *Dragous*, or the *Horse Marine Distillery.*

Fli (*Aside.*) Confound her stupidity! Does he often come here?

Sus. Yes, sir, very often—whenever you go to Richmond.

Fli. Indeed! What a cursed idiot I have been!

Sus. You have indeed, sir.

Fli. Do you think so?

Sus. Yes, sir, certain—positive. While you were with your uncle, the *Hornet* was always here with missis. I had a great mind to send you a *synonymous* letter about it, but I was *afeard.*

Fli. Now then, let us understand each other If you'll watch your mistress, and give me notice of all her proceedings, I will reward you; but if I find you attempting to deceive me, I'll turn you out of doors. Now, which will you do—serve me or your mistress?

Sus. You, sir, if you please.

Fli. Very well. Now go and see what she is about.

Sus. Yes, sir; but don't put yourself into a *quandary*. It can't be helped. We all has our little weaknesses. Yours is Lady Simple—mississes is Hornet Fitzturbot—and mine is Tom Smith, the baker! [*Exit into Room*, R. H.

Fli. Deceitful woman! Why did I marry? I ought to have known better after all my experience, to run so great a risk. How my friends will laugh. I can never show my face in the world again! I shall be caricatured in the print shops—pointed at in the streets—and ridiculed by all my acquaintance. If I don't get drilled to-morrow, I'll go to America—nobody shall ever hear of me again.

Enter JOHN, C. D. R. H.

Well, sir—what do you want?

John. A lady, sir, wishes to see you.

Fli. What lady?

John. I don't know, sir—she would not give me her name. She told me to say she came from your uncle, at Richmond.

Fli. (*Aside.*) The devil! 'tis Lady Simple! What on earth can have induced her to come here? [*Aloud.*] Say I'm not at home.

John. It's of no use, sir—she's on the stairs coming up.

Fli. Confound your stupidity! Leave the room, sir. [*Exit* John.] How cursed unlucky! What shall I do with her.

Enter SUSAN, R. H. C. *disguised as* Lady Simple—*she throws herself into* Flighty's *Arms.*

My dear Lady Simple, what is the matter? why are you here? Speak—pray speak. [Susan *sobs violently.*] Damn it, she's going to faint! What the devil shall I do? Here—here, sit down. [*Gives a Chair*, L. H] If my wife should see me! [*Kneeling, and slapping* Susan's *Hand*] Fanny! Fanny! my dear Fanny, you'll ruin me! pray be composed. [Susan *kicks and screams.*] Fanny! Fanny! my dear Fanny!

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, *from* R. H. *Room.*

Mrs. F. What do I see? A woman fainting, and my husband calling her his dear Fanny! What are you about, sir?—[Flighty *turns, and jumps up in confusion.*] Who is that lady?

Fli. I don't know——my cousin, madam. [*To* Susan.] Fanny—Fanny, here's my wife; don't faint any more—come to

yourself. [Susan *kicks and screams.*] Damn it, she's worse than ever! It's all up with me!

Mrs. F. I m ashamed of you, sir. This is one of your vile intrigues! Oh, you monster! to deceive your affectionate wife —to pretend so much love for me, and then to have a dear Fanny! It's shocking—it's dreadful! I can't bear it—I shall faint—I—oh—oh———[*Faints on a Chair*, R. H.]

Fli. A fainting duett! What will become of me? Nothing can stand against this! Eliza—Eliza! Fanny—Fanny!—[*Turning from one to the other.*]—don't make damned fools of yourselves. [*Both scream and kick.*] I'm very sorry—I'll never do so again. I'll do anything you please. Damme, if I know what to do! [*Crosses to* R. H.]

Enter MRS. TRICTRAC, R. H. C *in her own Dress—she goes down* C.

Mrs. T. Ah! good heavens! my dear friend fainting! Lady Simple, too! Oh, you barbarian—you vile wretch—you terrible turk! The shock is too much for me—my head turns round! Oh, dear, I'm going! I—oh—oh—oh——[*Faints on a Chair*, C.]

Fli Damme, there's a trio! I must faint myself, and make up a quartette. Ladies—[*Going from one to the other*]—my dear Eliza——

Mrs. F. (*Screaming*) Oh!

Fli. Mrs. Trictrac——

Mrs. T. (*Screaming.*) Oh!

Fli. Fanny——

Sus (*Screaming.*) Oh!

Fli. (*Taking up the last scream—in a great rage*] Oh! pray be calm. I cannot endure all this kicking and screaming! [*All scream together.*] If all three of you don't come too directly, I'll leave you to fight it out by yourselves. Now Eliza———

Mrs. F. (*Pushing him away.*) You wretch

Fli. Mrs. Trictrac———

Mrs. T. Don't touch me, sir!

Fli. Fanny——— [Susan *rises, bursts into a loud cry, and throws her Arms round his Neck.*] Oh, the devil! worse and worse!

Mrs F. (*Jumping up*) Shocking depravity! before my very face! Come away from her, sir! [*Pulling him*—Susan *pulls the other way.*]

Mrs. T. (*Jumping up.*) I'll help you, Eliza Let go sir—let go! [*All three drag him from one side to the other, and up and down the Stage*—Mrs. T. *being behind him.*]

Fli. I shall be murdered! I'm ashamed to call for help. Let me go, ladies—pray release me! Give me fair play, and don't all set upon me at once. [*They all beat him round the Stage.*] One at a time, pray. [*Breaks away, jumps on the Sofa, and holds up one of the Pillows in a threatening attitude.*] What an escape! I demand a parley—I'm ready to accede to any terms, if you'll keep the peace.

Mrs. T. (L. C.) Will you promise never to go to Richmond again?

Fli. Yes.

Mrs T. Never to neglect your wife?

Fli Yes.

Mrs. T. To become a steady husband?

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. In short—you'll stay at home, love your wife, forsake dissipation, and do whatever I please.

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. Very well. Then, Eliza, I think we must forgive him. What do you say?

Mrs. F. I have no objection.

Mrs. T. Give him your hand, then. [Mrs. F. *crosses to* C.] But I had forgot Lady Simple—perhaps she won't consent to part with her dear Henry?

Sus. (R. H.) I aynt got no objection that I knows on.

Fli. (L. H. *Astonished.*) Knows on! who's that with a nose on? Not Lady Simple, I'm certain.

Sus. (*Throwing up her Veil.*) No, sir, it be I—Susan Twist. I hopes no offence. I arnt done no wrong. I'm only a *happarition.*

Fli. So, so—I've been nicely tricked and made a fool of.

Mrs. T. Most decidedly, my dear boy. If you are refractory, "I'll bring your head, the bust, and the looking-glass into one, put in the lead about here—[*Hitting him.*]—and drill you in a most superior style."

Fli. (*Astonished.*) What, were *you* the officer? What an ass I have made of myself!

Sus. You have indeed sir—quite a *lustrious* one.

Fli. Forgive me, Eliza. I'll profit by the lesson I have received to-day and never do anything to disturb our matrimonial felicity.

Mrs. T. Wisely resolved—and now *I* must ask pardon for *my* transgressions [*Advancing to the Audience.*]

Of *you*, kind friends, who round me sit,
In Boxes, Gallery, and Pit—

Your plaudits and your smiles to gain,
I hope I have not tried in vain.
If you'll forgive, and kindly take
A lesson from "*The Married Rake.*"
Again I'll "don" my martial gear,
Nor fear to meet a welcome here.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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Susan. Mrs. Trictrac.	Mrs. Flighty.	Mr. Flighty

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3 Nervous Man
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6 Woman's the Devil
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